

Last Will and Testament

OF THE

Late Lord Chancellor,

Made upon his Death-Bed in the Tower.

2. May. 1689.

IN the Name of Ambition, the only God of my own setting up and worshipping, together with Cruelty, Treachery, Perjury, Pride, Insolence, &c. His ever-adored Angels and Archangels, clovenfooted, or otherwise,

I George, sometimes Lord, but always Jefferys, being in no good bodily Health, (my once great Heart at present being dwindled to the Diminutive Dimension of a French bean, but in sound and perfect Memory of High Commiffions, Quo Warrantos, Regulations, Dispensations, Pillorizations, Flaugations, Gibbetations, Barbarity, Butchery, Tyranny, together with the Bonds and Tyes of Right, Justice, Equity, Law, and Gospel, as also those of Liberty, Property, Magna Charta, &c. not only at divers and sundry, but at all times by me religiously broken; and being reminded by my Sins before me, do make my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following.

Imprimis, Because it has always been the modish Departure of Great Men and Greater Sinners, to leave some Legacy to pious Uses, I give and bequeath 1000 l. towards the building of a Shrine and a Chapel to St. Columba, for the particular Devotion of a late very great English Zealot; for whose Glory I farther order my Executors to bear half Charges, in inserting and maintaining the sacred Papers and Memoirs of the said Saint, in those Divine Legends, The Lives of the Saints, by the hand of his Reverend, and no less industrious Successor, Father Peters; that so the never-dying Renown of the long sworn meritorious (tho' unfortunate) Vengeance, against the Northern Heretic, (in which once-hopeful Vineyard I have been no small Labourer) may be transmitted to posterity by so pious a Recorder.

Item, As a Legacy to her late Consort-Majesty of Great Britain, my sometimes Royal Patroness, I do bequeath 1000 crowns to Holy Mother Church, to purchase, through his Holiness, and the good Lady of Loreto's Intercession, the same Benediction to the French Waters of Spa, they once vouchsafed to the English ones of Bath, to give her Majesty the Conception of a Duke of York to her Prince of Wales; humbly, with my dying breath, requesting, for the future silencing of malice and confusion of honesty, that her said Majesty would in due prudence graciously select out for her next labour, but half as many Spectators of her Deliberation my self, there being in her late case no person who would so experimentally substantiate her Majesty's Child, born of the Body of a Duke of York, at 8 months, when 'tis so notorious that my own first Female Child of

my Wifes was at the like full growth born at five months.

Item, In tenderness and hearty good-will to my sometime-Friends and Allies on the other side the Herring-pond, I think fit (as a small Mite to the great Cause) to order my Executors out of my late Son-in-law's Estate, saved by my own Chancery Decree from the Salisbury Creditors, as much Money to be remitted over to the true and trusty Tyrconnel, as will purchase new Liveries of the best Irish Frieze, compleatly to rig a whole Regiment of his new-raised Teagues; as also, the like quantity for the rigging of another Regiment of French Dragobns, now sending over to his Excellencies Succour; his Gallick Majesty having long since ordered the Edict of Nantz, and all other the Parliamentary Heretick Records of France, to be given 'em gratis, to make 'em Taylors measures of, in Intimation of the English Magna Charta, sometime since designed for the same Use.

But above all, to take Care for my own Decent Funeral, lest my Executors, to save the Charches of Christian Burial, should drop me under Ground, as slovenly as my Old great Master, at Westminster, I think fit to Order the Rites and Ceremonies of my Obsequies, as follows.

Imprimis, I desire that my Funeral Anthems be all set to the Tune of Old Lill's bawlers, that never to be forgotten Irish Shibiloth, in Commemoration not only of 100000 Hereticks, that formerly Danc'd off to the same Tune, lately designing, setting, and composing by a Great Master of Mine, and my Self. The said Anthem to be Sung by a Train of Seven or Eight Hundred Orphans of my own making in the West, who in their Native Rages (a Livery likewise of my own Donation) as a Dress fittest for the sad Cavalcade, will (I am assured) be no way wanting in their readiest and ablest Melody, suitable to the Occasion.

Item, I order 200 Tapers to be laid out in Myrrh, Frankincense, and other necessary Perfumes, to be burnt at my Funeral, to sweeten, if possible, some little Stink, I may probably leave behind me.

Item, I Order an Ell and a half of fine Cambrick to be cut out into Handkerchiefs, for drying up all the wet Eyes at my Funeral, together with half a pint of burnt Claret, for all the Mourners in the Kingdom.

To Conclude. For avoiding all Chancery Suits about the Disposal of my aforesaid Legacies, that the Contents of this my Last Will may be made publick, I order my Executors to take Care that

This may be printed.

Printed for W. Thompson, 1689.